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NEW FORMAT

THE SANDMAN™

MASTER • of • DREAMS

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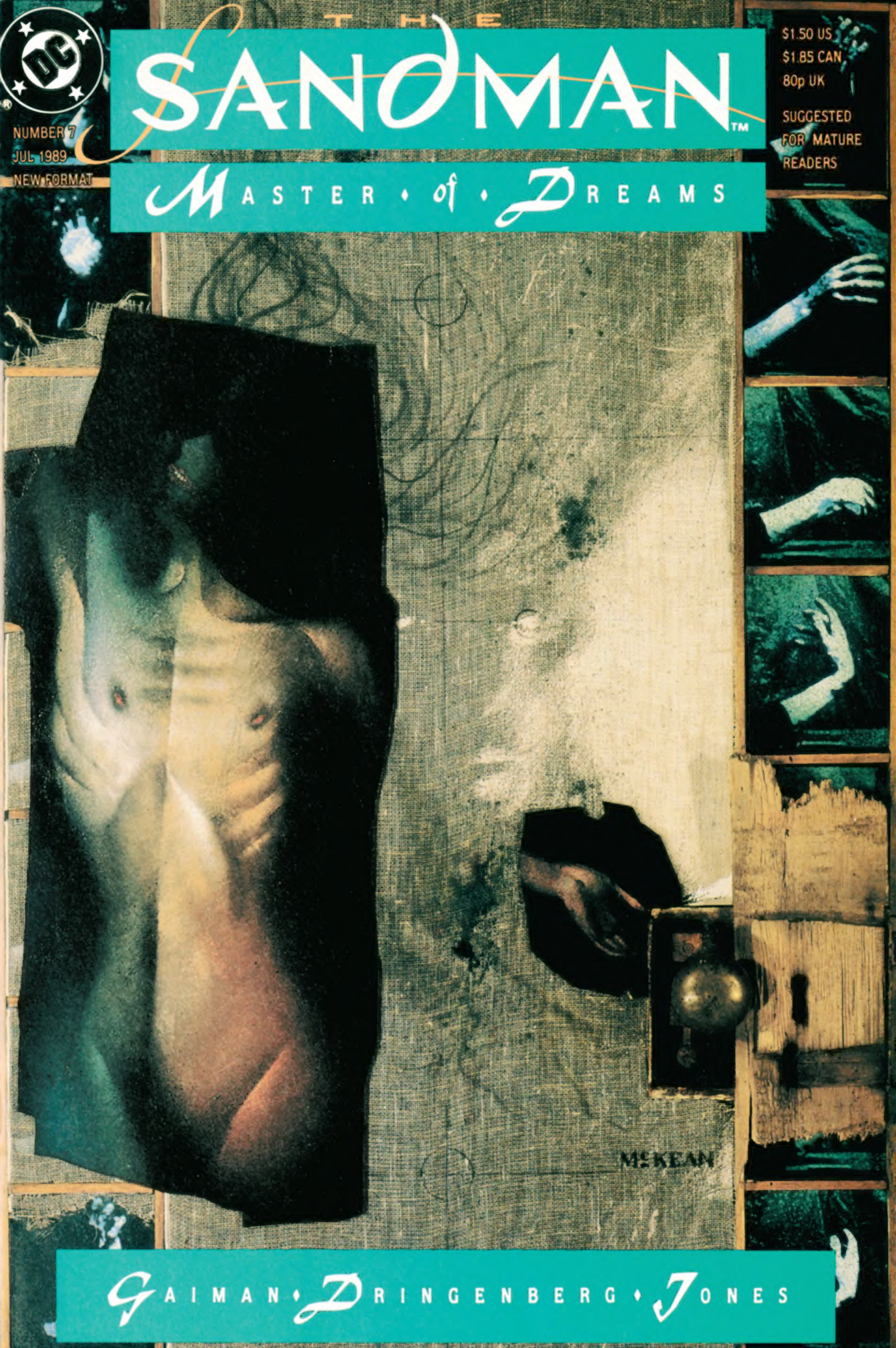
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS



GAIMAN • DRINGENBERG • JONES

LISTEN: YOU CAN HEAR THE SCREAMING.

HAROLD SMITH PROWLS THE DOGS' HOME, A TIRE IRON CLUTCHED IN HIS BLOODIED FIST.

THREE CHILDREN ARE TRAPPED IN AN ELEVATOR WITH BOBBY-JOE McCANN.

MAUDE CARILLON SCREAMS WITH LAUGHTER AS THE FLAME DEVOURS THE GERIATRIC WARD.

GASOLINE

LISTEN.

LISTEN:

YOU CAN HEAR SOBBING.

ON THE FREEWAY HELPLESS WEEPING COMES FROM THE CRASH-SCULPTURE OF TWISTED, BLISTERED METAL, BURNING RUBBER, SHATTERED GLASS.

IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, A GROUP OF FUNDAMENTALISTS KNOW THAT THIS IS THE ARMAGEDDON; AND THEY ARE STILL HERE, TRAPPED ON THE EARTH.

BEREFT OF THE RAPTURE THEY WEEP FOR THEIR ABANDONMENT BY A SUDDENLY DISTANT GOD.

REPENT! THE END IS NEAR!

LISTEN TO THE ANGUISH OF A WORLD IN WHICH THE BAD THINGS ARE COMING OUT OF THE DARK PLACES.

IN THE RADIO ROOM NAN FOWLER KNOWS SHE HAS NO MORE AMBULANCES TO SEND, AND THE CALLS JUST WON'T STOP COMING IN...

LISTEN TO A WORLD IN PAIN.

LISTEN.

LISTEN.

YOU CAN HEAR IT.

SOUND AND FURY

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WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOING?

I'VE SENT MY LITTLE RUBY INTO THEIR DEEPEST DREAMS, TO DREDGE UP THE BLACKNESS FROM THEIR SOULS.

I'M HURTING THEM ALL.

I'M DRIVING THEM MAD.

You are using the Dreamstone to do THAT?

WHY?

MMMM. HMM.

REVENGE, POSSIBLY. THAT AND DREAMS OF POWER.

IN THE BEGINNING I THOUGHT I'D TELL THEM I WAS DOING THIS AND THEY'D MAKE ME RULER OF THE WORLD IF I STOPPED...

BUT IT'S SO MUCH FUN. I DON'T WANT TO STOP.

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY!

"I THINK I'LL DISMEMBER THE WORLD AND THEN I'LL DANCE IN THE WRECKAGE."

SHE'S SO CLEVER. MY CLEVER BABY.

Listen to me.

"I made the stone, created it from the fabric of my being long ago.

"Powered by my spirit it was made to manipulate the fabric of dreams, of the world I rule.

It was not made for THIS. You must stop.

The ruby contains too much of me--of my power--in its fabric.

You have robbed me of it. I cannot use it, and I am no longer strong enough to repair the havoc alone.

If you reverse what you have done to the jewel --then let me use its energies to repair the damage you have done to the world...

It stole more when I tried to use it.

Can you not see what you are doing? You must LISTEN.

YOURS? OHHH. YOUR SOUL IS THE FIRE IN THE HEART OF MY JEWEL...

IT'S YOUR STOLEN POWER I'VE BEEN USING ALL THESE YEARS. YES. I SEE.

VERY WELL.

You will repair it, then, give back control of it to me?

You will return it?

GIVE MY BABY TO YOU? NO. DON'T BE STUPID.

I'M GOING TO KILL YOU.

Kill me?

With the power of my own ruby? Perhaps he could. It has absorbed too much of my soul-stuff already...

I see. If you would fight me, mortal, you will not take me unprepared.

...nor garbed for less than battle.

And you shall not do it here.

If you would steal a dreamlord's power...

...then you shall do it in the dreamlord's realm.

In DREAMS.

COWARD!

COWARDY COWARDY CUSTARD STICK YOUR HEAD IN THE MUSTARD BREAK YOU. SUCK YOU UP. SPIT YOU OUT. BASTARD.

NOW, BELOVED. FOLLOW HIM... TAKE ME INTO DREAMS, MY DARLING. DO YOU HEAR ME?

NOW!

LISTEN:

TO THE SOUNDS BARBARA WONG MAKES AS SHE SLICES THE PRETTY PICTURES OUT OF HER FLESH.

TO THE NOISE JOEY CAMPBELL MAKES AS THE OVEN CLEANER CONSUMES HIS FACE, BURNS OUT HIS EYES; TO THE HAPPY LAUGHTER OF THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

OVEN CLEAN

LISTEN:

LISTEN TO THE RUSHING RIVERS OF BLOOD, FLOWING DOWNWARDS IN A WARM TORRENT.

GENESEE HOTEL

FREE GARAGE

GENESEE HOTEL

THE BLOOD OF THE WEAK.

OF THE HELPLESS.

OF THE MAD.

LISTEN.

FIDO

YOU CAN HEAR IT.

HAIL CAESAR!

HAIL CAESAR!

HAIL CAESAR, MAY ALL YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE.

...DREAMS? I HAD A DREAM THAT I WAS RAPING MY MOTHER. WHAT DOES *THAT* MEAN, SOOTHSAYER?

IT MEANS THAT YOU WILL ***RULE*** THE ***WORLD***, CAESAR--OUR ***UNIVERSAL*** MOTHER.

AHH. I SEE. GOOD. YES. THAT'S IT...

NO, THAT'S NOT IT AT ALL. IT DOESN'T MEAN *ANYTHING*. NOTHING MORE THAN THIS:

YOU HAD A DREAM ABOUT RAPING YOUR MOTHER.

A TALE TOLD BY AN IDIOT, FULL OF SOUND AND FURY, SIGNIFYING NOTHING.

Rodney Dangerfield in Love, Lust 1927

YOU HAD *WHAT*? JOHNNY DEE, I WISH TO GOD I'D STRANGLED YOU AT BIRTH!

DON'T SAY THAT, MOMMA. IT WAS ONLY A DREAM. I DIDN'T REALLY MEAN IT.

CAESAR... *BEWARE* THE IDEAS OF MARCH!

NO! IT'S NOT THAT! WHAT IS IT?

CAESAR...

BEWARE THE *MARCH* OF *IDEAS*?

NO...

BEWARE THE BRIDES OF FRANKENSTEIN.

NO! NO--STAY BACK!

GO AWAY!

I ...THEY'VE GONE. YOU DID THAT. MY RUBY.

I KNOW YOU. GOD. THIS IS A DREAM...

I'M IN THE DREAMWORLD.

AND I REMEMBER WHY I'M HERE. I'M HERE TO KILL YOU, DREAMLORD... TO TAKE THIS KINGDOM AS MY OWN.

I HOLD YOUR STOLEN POWER IN MY HANDS...

AND I WILL TAKE ALL OF IT.

HEEEE. ♫♪ I THINK I'M ♪♫ GOING TO LIKE ♪IT HERE.♫

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The Home Bakes

WHERE ARE YOU? SHOW YOURSELF! I'M GOING TO SUCK YOUR BLASTED LIFE OUT, SWINE-SCUM!

YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME FOREVER!

AND A HUNDRED MILLION SLEEPERS STIRRED UNEASILY IN THEIR SLUMBER.

5108

CAN YOU SEE ME, STINKARD LORD OF PISS AND MIRE?

LOOK!

CAN YOU SEE ME USING YOUR POWER TO RIP YOUR RAGTAG DREAMWORLD APART?

CAN YOU SEE ME?

HAHAHAHAHAHA

AND THE SLEEPING ALL OVER THE WORLD SCREAMED AND WHIMPERED AND MOANED. THEY THRASHED AND CALLED OUT, AS IF CAUGHT IN THE DARKEST OF NIGHTMARES...

AND IN DREAMS JOHN DEE SPEWED HIS HATE AND LAUGHTER ONTO THE EMERALD WINDS.

EVE STARES OUT FROM HER CAVE AT THE ERUPTING DREAM-SCAPE. HER RAVEN CAWS UNKINDLY AT THE HAVOC.

WATCH ME! I'LL RUPTURE YOUR RAMSHACKLE LAND AND PISS IN THE RUINS!

COME TO ME, YOU SPINELESS, SPITTLE-ARSED, POXY-PALE WANKER!

THE QUAKES AND LIGHTS SEND THE KEEPERS OF THE STORIES SCURRYING FOR COVER. THEIR MONSTERS HIDE WITH THEM, UNDER THE BED.

COME TO ME, YOU RAG-SHAG LORD OF NOWHERE-AT-ALL!

IN THE GARDEN OF FORKING WAYS, DESTINY FINDS HIMSELF (PERHAPS FOR THE FIRST TIME) HESITANT TO TURN TO THE NEXT PAGE IN HIS BOOK...

OHHHHH. THIS IS SO GOOD.

MOTHER!!! IF YOU COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW.

STOP! Enough! I am here Dee! Desist!

WATCH ME, DREAM-PUKER! DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I'LL DO NEXT?

YES. YOU'RE HERE. HELLO.

HEEHEE HEE...

THIS LOVELY THING IS YOURS, ISN'T IT? IT CONTAINS YOUR LIFE. YOUR MAGICK. YOUR POWER. RIGHT?

...right.

AND THE LAST TIME YOU USED IT, IT SUCKED OUT MORE? YES?

YESSS?

...Dee. Stop. You are... hurting the dreamers.

You are tampering with the order of things...

SHUTUP! SHUTUPSHUTUPSHUTUP! I'M GOING TO TAKE ALL OF IT. ALL YOUR LIFE. EVERY BIT.

WATCH ME!

DOES THAT HURT? DOES IT? I BET IT HURTS. I BET IT HURTS A LOT!

WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE? TO HAVE THE LIFE SUCKED OUT OF YOU?

TELL ME! I WANT TO KNOW!

GET AWAY FROM ME! I HOLD YOUR LIFE IN MY HANDS. I CAN KILL YOU! I CAN END YOUR LIFE!

aaa.

THIS IS YOUR LIFE, DREAM-SNEAK.

aaa.

AND I'M CRUSHING IT OUT WITH MY HANDS.

aaa.

KKRAKK!

WHOOMPH!

I DID IT.

I,,I KILLED HIM. WHOEVER HE WAS. WHATEVER IT WAS... IT'S DEAD.

THE RUBY. THE RUBY'S GONE TOO. I FEEL SO STRANGE...I FEEL DIFFERENT.

SO. NOW I RULE THE DREAMWORLD. I WILL HIDE IN DREAMS. I'LL NEVER GO BACK, NEVER LEAVE HERE FOR THE REAL WORLD WHERE PEOPLE HURT YOU, WHERE THEY DON'T CARE..

WHERE THEY DIE WHEN YOU STILL NEED THEM.

I WILL BE A WISE AND TOLERANT MONARCH, DISPENSING JUSTICE FAIRLY, AND ONLY SETTING NIGHTMARES TO RIP OUT THE MINDS OF THE EVIL AND THE WICKED.

OR JUST ANYBODY I DON'T LIKE.

I'M THE KING. OF DREAMS. OF EVERYTHING.

BUT IT'S FUNNY. I ALWAYS THOUGHT WHEN I BECAME KING...I THOUGHT THERE WOULD BE APPLAUSE.

I THOUGHT SOMEBODY WOULD SAY SOMETHING.

Thank you, John Dee.

It has been so long. I had forgotten...

I had forgotten how much of my power I had placed in that jewel. How much of it was denied to me...

BUT I KILLED YOU...

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?

I am not sure. You have pretended to power not yours... wreaked havoc in my realm, inflicted pain upon my person.

For that you should be punished.

A-ARE YOU GOING TO KILL ME?

I could. Perhaps I will...

But you destroyed the ruby. I doubt I would have thought of that.

Destroying it, you released the power stored in it. My control of the dreamworld. It's all mine again.

It feels GOOD.

SKRATCH SKRATCH

I'M--I'M SORRY.

I don't doubt it--not that it matters. You should never have used my ruby. It was not made for mortals.

The damage to your mind must have been considerable.

YOU MEAN... AFTER WHAT I DID... YOU AREN'T GOING TO DO ANYTHING?

Of course I am going to do something, John Dee...

I am going to take you home.

BOO!

OH. MMM. SORRY. HANG ON. I'M AFRAID I CAN'T SEE A THING WITHOUT MY SPECTACLES.

GOOD LORD! IT *IS* YOU, DOCTOR. I WAS SCARED THAT YOU MIGHT NOT BE COMING BACK. AND YOU'VE BROUGHT A FRIEND!

"IT IS A COMFORT IN WRETCHEDNESS TO HAVE COMPANIONS IN WOE." (MARLOWE. *FAUST.*)

OF COURSE, HE WAS TALKING ABOUT HELL. BUT IT APPLIES EQUALLY TO ARKHAM. HEHEH.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME, PROFESSOR CRANE.

I *TOLD* YOU THAT YOU'D COME BACK. WE *ALWAYS* COME BACK.

GOODBYE. I THINK I'M SORRY ABOUT. ABOUT WHAT I DID. YOU KNOW. SORRY.

Sleep well, John Dee.

I CAN'T GO TO SLEEP IN MY CELL. THERE'S A RAT IN THERE. I'M FRIGHTENED OF RATS.

I DON'T SLEEP.

Perhaps you will tonight.

LISTEN -- IT'S SO HORRIBLE HERE. ALL THE SCREAMING THE LAST FEW DAYS.

MISTER DENT TRIED TO STRANGLE HIMSELF.

IT'S BEEN SO MAD. QUITE TERRIFYING.

IT'S *NEVER* QUIET HERE, NOT EVEN AT NIGHT. THERE'S *ALWAYS* SOMEONE CRYING, SOMEONE CALLING OUT, SOMEONE IN THE NEXT CELL BANGING THEIR HEAD AGAINST THE WALL.

BANGING AND

BANGING AND

BANGING.

FEAR OF NOISE. LET ME SEE. LATIN, *STREPENS*, "NOISY"... STREPENTOPHOBIA, PERHAPS?

Go back to your bed, Jonathan Crane. Go to sleep.

I have a castle to rebuild, a world to reclaim. But tonight, at least...

"Tonight humanity will sleep in peace."

OHO, MY SAINTED AUNT, HAVE I BECOME A VICTIM OF BRAIN FEVER, THE CURSE OF ACADEMIA...?

MISTER CRANE, I FEAR YOU HAVE BEEN HAVING AN HALLUCINATION.

YAWWWWN...

AS FAST AS THEY DAWNED, THE CRAZY TIMES ARE OVER.

NAN FOWLER IS ASLEEP ON HER DESK. SHE IS BREATHING SLOWLY, DEEPLY.

AND THE PATIENTS BROUGHT IN THAT DAY, CUT AND SMASHED AND BROKEN, ALL SLEEP LIKE ANGELS, NEEDING NO MORPHINE.

THEY BREATHE IN, OUT, IN, OUT, IN UNBROKEN AND QUIET RHYTHM.

AND IN BEDLAM JOHN DEE SLEEPS WITHOUT DREAMING, BUT HIS SLEEP IS SOUND AND RESTFUL.

SILENCE WASHES LIKE A RIVER OVER ARKHAM. NO SOUNDS OF SCREAMING, NO SOBBING, NO NOISES OF PAIN OR MADNESS.

JUST PEACE.

THE ONLY NOISE IS THE GENTLE, EVEN CADENCE OF PEOPLE ASLEEP. IN, OUT, IN, OUT.

LISTEN.

YOU CAN HEAR IT.

ARKHAM ASYLVM

NEXT: *A DEATH IN THE FAMILY*

SON OF ULTRON